THE

Gentleman's Journal:

OR THE

MONTHLY MISCELLANY.

By Way of

LETTER

TO A

Gentleman in the COUNTRY.

Conſiſting of

News, Hiſtory, Philoſophy, Poetry, Muſick, Tranſlations, &c.

NOVEMBER 1692.

——— *Urbanæ ſcripſimus iſta togæ.* Martial.

Licenſed, *Edm. Bohun.*

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THE GENTLEMAN's JOURNAL: OR THE *MONTHLY MISCELLANY.*

NOVEMBER 1692.

SIR,

I Am glad to hear that you generally find thoſe new Books, which I recommend to you, worthy of the ſhort Characters I ſometimes make bold to give of them: I ſay *make bold*; for to do that with diſcretion is a very nice thing in this Age, when ſome are ſo prodigal of praiſe to others, that it is not to be wonder'd why there is ſo little of it left for themſelves: And indeed thoſe obliging Exaggerations, thoſe ſtudied Praiſes, which they ſo liberally diſpenſe, cauſe ſome of them, with Juſtice enough, to be look'd upon as hyperbolical Flatterers, who meanly ſacrifice Truth to their ſervile tempers, or at leaſt, as ignorant Pretenders, whoſe want of judgment betrays them continually to Error. The Public hates to be impos'd on, and examins each production of the mind, with a Severity as dreadful to a young Author, as that of a ſtrict Judge to a trembling Criminal. It hath ſo many prying Eyes, ſo many different Intereſts, ſo many different Palates, that it is almoſt impoſſible to offer it a Preſent ſo univerſally pleaſing, as to bribe it wholly to be kind. Nay, what is yet worſe, many, by magnifying ſmall Faults, endeavor to leſſen or take away all the merit of a Work. Yet 'tis almoſt vain to complain of their Injuſtice and Ingratitude to thoſe that toil for their Pleaſure or Inſtruction: As none really love to leſſen themſelves, and that in ſome manner we ſeem to place above us thoſe whom we praiſe, and on the contrary to raiſe our ſelves above thoſe whom we blame, there is no great cauſe to wonder why moſt Men rather love to cenſure, than to commend.

As I am not guilty of that Fault, I hope I ſhall avoid its oppoſite: And, tho' I have not yet had reaſon to expect a kinder uſage than many others, Thanks to Fortune, I do not know that I have any great intereſt in theſe Reflections againſt the Cenſorious: They are obvious Truths, and even thoſe who never fail'd to pleaſe the

the moſt difficult are convinc'd of them. To find it true, you need but read this

Epigram by Sir CHARLES SEDLEY.

HOW ſhall we pleaſe this Age? if in a Song
We put above Six Lines, they count it long.
If we contract it to an Epigram,
As deep the dwarfiſh Poetry they damn.
If we write Plays, few *ſee above an Act,*
And thoſe *lewd Masks, or noiſy Fops diſtract.*
Let us write Satyr then, and, at our eaſe,
Vex the ill-natur'd Fools we cannot pleaſe.

I knew that you would be of my mind, in wiſhing that Mr. *Dennis* had tranſlated wholly the 8th of *Juvenal*; nor would it have been the firſt time that two Tranſlations of the ſame thing have met each of them with Admirers: And indeed, if his late beautiful Tranſlation of the Paſſion of *Byblis*, and ſome others which I have ſeen, did not ſhew that he is equally happy in touching the ſoft Paſſions, and the more rough and manly, it would be pity that he ſhould write any thing but Satyr. But you will own in a little time, when you ſee a Collection of Poems by him which is now in the Preſs, that he can vary his Subjects as his Style with uncommon ſucceſs. Be pleas'd not to miſtake for that Miſcellany, when it is publiſh'd, a little Twelve-penny Book printed many years ago, and now once more offer'd to the World with the Title of *Poems and Letters by Mr.* Dennis. It ſeems to conſiſt moſt of Juvenile Verſes, and was formerly prefix'd without any Name to it, neither doth Mr. *Dennis* own it to be his. You will find in his Miſcellany now in the Preſs ſeveral of *Æſop*'s Fables in Burleſque, which, what by the Improvements he hath made of Monſieur *de la Fontaine*'s thoughts, and what by the advantage which *Engliſh* hath over *French* for Burleſque, may be ſaid to be Copies at leaſt equal to the Originals of a Maſter who was once reputed inimitable.

To thoſe merry Fables he hath given us grave Morals, which will make them at leaſt as inſtructive as pleaſant. For, as you know, Fables have not been invented only to pleaſe; they are Paths fill'd with Roſes, that lead us to the knowledge of Virtue more agreeably, and may be compar'd to Wiſdom laying by for a while its Auſterity to ſport with Men, and inſtruct them while it plays. For this Reaſon the Ancients, and *Plato* among the reſt, preſcrib'd them to the mind as the firſt nouriſhment it ought to take, they being as a Food which is eaſily digeſted, and which, ſuſtaining the mind, makes

it

it at laſt capable of a more ſolid Nouriſhment. They were alſo formerly the veil of Philoſophy, and are indeed fantaſtic Bodies, but none can deny that they have reaſonable Souls, being beautiful Falſities that only hide Truth, to make it appear the more glorious.

As there is a great difference between Flowers, ſo there is between Fables, among the choiceſt of which *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoſes* deſervedly challenge the firſt Rank. The Tranſlation which Mr. *Sandys* made of that Poem, met with much Approbation; yet the too ſtrict confinement to which he voluntary ſubmitted, may perhaps be ſaid to have made him darker and leſs ſhining in ſome places, than ſome could have wiſh'd him to be. He wrote in an Age when Men were not ſo nice as they are grown; and, tho' none can deny him a great deal of Praiſe for his Succeſs in ſo high and laborious a Task, yet they muſt alſo grant, that the language and way of writing being much improv'd, his Tranſlation cannot pleaſe our Age ſo much as it may have pleas'd his. *Ovid*'s Epiſtles, his Elegies, and ſome other of his Works, have been thought worthy to be tranſlated afreſh ſome years ago, by moſt of the eminent Writers of the Age: So now his *Metamorphoſes* are to be put once more into *Engliſh* Verſe, and there are ſo many able hands engag'd in that Undertaking, that it is not to be doubted but that it will meet with a Succeſs anſwerable to the expectation of the Ingenious. I am only ſorry that the greatneſs of the Work will require a longer time to be compleated, than their Impatience for a Book ſo univerſally deſir'd would allow.

Since Tranſlations are ſo much in vogue, Imitations can never fail to pleaſe, when artful and full of ſpirit; principally if of thoſe Author's Works, which, like *Horace*'s Odes, ſeem made not to be tranſlated. I hope therefore that the following Verſes by Mr. *R. T.* will pleaſe you, being an Imitation of the 35th Ode of that Poet's firſt Book.

O Diva gratum quæ regis Antium, &c.

TO FORTUNE.

GReat Arbitreſs of Men and Things,
Thou who delightſt to raiſe
The humble Man, and give him happy days;
Thou who doſt vex the great Unjuſt,
And ſcatter all his Honors in the Duſt,
Attend, to thee the Poet ſings:
On thee th' induſtrious Swain relies

For the reward of all his Cares;
To thee th' Advent'rous Merchant cryes
When Tempeſts ſhake his hopes, and he deſpairs:
To thee the diſtant Indians *pay their Vows;*
To thee all Europe *bows:*
Tyrants who would be Gods,
And turn the peaceful Scepters into ſcourging Rods,
Look pale and tremble, leſt thou frown,
And from their tott'ring Thrones hurl proud Uſurpers down.

Where e're thou mov'ſt, Lawleſs Neceſſity,
An Envious, Bold, Reſiſtleſs Deity,
In tatter'd Weeds, all ſtain'd with human Gore,
With ghaſtly Meen, ſtalks on before;
Swords, Racks, and Bombs are in her hand,
The dreadful Scourges of an Impious Land:
Hope, and Sincerity a Stranger grown,
And rarely very rarely *ſhown,*
Adverſe, or kind, with thee remain,
And add a graceful Splendor to thy Train:
But when, enrag'd, thine own thou doſt require,
And from the falling Great retire,
The Trencher-Friend, the Perjur'd Whore,
Both then paſs by the Door,
And cannot hear that empty Saying — I am poor.

Preſerve Great WILLIAM, *while he doth advance*
His ſhining Arms againſt encroaching France;
Guide thou the pious Hero's Fate,
And help the Prop, the Glory of our State:
Preſerve our Warlike Youth, the Youth that muſt
Break Rome's *Stone-Gods, and cruſh her into Duſt.*
Oh! how Grief fills my Breaſt, and Shame my Face!
When e're I think how far in former times we ſtray'd,
When Civil Hate the bleeding Land betray'd
To Ruin and Diſgrace,
From our own little ſelves divided more
Than from the greater World before:
Ah curſed, ah flagitious Age!
What Crimes did we forbear?
What Altars ſpare?
The beſt of Kings muſt bleed t'appeaſe our Rage!
No more of this rather let Pagans feel,
Than we our ſelves, the Force of our own Steel.

You have had here ſome Verſes to *Fortune*; the following Proſe will inform you how ſhe diſpos'd of a young Lady very lately.

THE LADY's FORTUNE.

LOve as well as War hath a thouſand Stratagems; for without them 'tis often no leſs difficult to conquer in either than without perſonal merit. 'Tis nothing ſtrange then to ſee the amorous young as induſtrious to uſe them as the old Warrior; but 'tis indeed ſomewhat more uncommon for the unexperienc'd Lover to practiſe thoſe artful Wiles with ſucceſs in Love, than for a crafty Veteran to compaſs his in War: however, as the thirſt of Love is often fiercer than that of Glory, and rages in the Lover's breaſt to an extravagant degree it makes him rack his inventive Faculty for devices to aſſuage his Pain ſo that, with intenſe application, he at laſt finds or ſtumbles upon ſome effectual means. A Lady young, handſom, and (what, to many, is a Charm not inferior to either) very Rich, found this lately to be true: her Fortune too was altogether at her diſpoſal, the want of which latter qualification do's not a little refrigerate thoſe hot Adventurers who have little to compenſate a Lady's Eſtate, beſides a genteel Dreſs, a ſmall ſtock of Wit, and a great one of Aſſurance, and who, having an unconquerable averſion for what the conſidering part of Mankind call Settlement or Jointure, love nothing ſo much in a Woman as the power of *making* a younger Brother; aſſuring her however all the while with Vows and Oaths innumerable, (the only thing perhaps of which they can well be prodigal) that her Beauty, her Vertue, and her Wit, are the only Charms that attract them. You need not ask if the addition of this *power* in the Lady made the Sparks very active about her, doubtleſs her Court was always great, and the worth of the Prize made them not a little aſſiduous; Self-love, that grand Flatterer of Mankind, bribing even the moſt undeſerving to attendance, with hopes of being the happy he that was to make ſo many Wretches of his excluded Competitors; and truly if we make a ſtrict enquiry into the Choice uſually made by the Sex, we ſhall find but too much cauſe to think, that Merit doth not the moſt often carry it, and even ſo it happen'd with our Lady, who, indeed, made her Choice, but not much for the beſt; at leaſt all the out-rivall'd Throng thought ſo, and perhaps you'll own that it was not without reaſon: For, as Chance would have it, while every thing was preparing for her Nuptials, ſome young Ladies of her acquaintance, impatient to know when theirs would follow, took a fancy to go to a neighbouring Fortune-

teller,

teller, to be inform'd of the important events of their Loves, and who ſhould they meet in their way but the Lady their Friend; ſo, with many Importunities, they prevail'd with her to engage in the Frolick. On then they went, but when ſhe came to the Fortune-teller's Houſe, ſhe was not a little ſurpriz'd to hear her ſay, (for I underſtand that it was a Female one) *That ſhe knew with what diſlike ſhe came thither; and that tho' ſhe was very confident of being married very ſhortly, yet ſhe would be mightily diſappointed, and marry a Man whom ſhe hated more than ſhe lov'd her Favorite Suitor.*

This Prophecy, to the Lady, ſeem'd juſt as likely to come to paſs as Mother *Shipton's*, or ſuch other old doating Wives ridiculous Dreams; for, having none but her ſelf to pleaſe, ſhe thought ſhe would never be ſo mad as to croſs her inclinations, merely to ſave our Teller of Fortunes from the additional guilt of one poor ſingle Lye, the eſſential daily Sin and diſtinguiſhing Character of that Calling. However, ſhe ſoon found it too true; for the very next day being at a public Entertainment, to which ſhe had been invited, ſhe, perhaps to try her Lover's temper, took an opportunity to diſcourſe ſomewhat freely with a young Gentleman in the Company, which the other's jealous temper made him reſent ſo highly, that he could not forbear expreſſing himſelf to her in very unſuitable terms, and much too public and preſumptuous a manner. You may eaſily gueſs that this was too unwelcom a Compliment to be reſented by the Lady otherways than with ſcorn and diſtaſte, neither indeed, as a Woman of Senſe, could ſhe be ſatisfy'd to find her Lover of ſuch a humor as would be intolerable in a Husband; ſo the quarrel was eaſily heightned to that pitch, that they broke off quite, never to converſe together any more. Now if ſome private Intelligencer did not poſt before the Lady to the Fortune-teller, to acquaint her with her reluctancy in coming thither, and her Circumſtances, and alſo the Lover did not impart his deſign of breaking off with her, I muſt needs own that ſhe has a ſtrange Faculty, or had that time ſtrange luck, at gueſſing. But what is more, not long after this, a young Gentleman, one of thoſe jolly Rake-hells who declare rather for a merry life than for a long one, and who therefore could not be ſuppoſed to have very much improv'd his ſmall Patrimony, fell over head and ears in Love with the aforeſaid Lady; but the meaſure of his Love was juſt that of her hate, and it would have puzled a wiſe Man, nay perhaps the Fortune teller her ſelf, to have told who of the two lov'd or hated t'other moſt. No wonder then if his Love being as ſtrong as her Hatred, could not yield to the ungrateful return. In vain ſhe ſought to avoid him, he haunted her every

evety where; now he pelted her with Billet-doux; at night, with Serenades; now would thruſt himſelf into her Company right or wrong, nay, went to Church too. In ſhort, our Enamorado ply'd her ſo warmly, that being almoſt weary'd out of her life by his indefatigable Importunities, ſhe e'en reſolv'd to give him the ſlip, and leaving the place, remove to a Relation's Houſe, where ſhe hop'd he might not find her. But 'twas to no purpoſe, ſhe might as well have ſtay'd where ſhe was, for our Lover was reſolv'd he would find her. This makes me think how idle it is to tell us that Love is blind, ſince that little buſie prying deity can ſee thro' the darkeſt diſguiſe, and with its piercing eyes diſcover things at an incredible diſtance. No wonder then if one that lov'd at ſuch a rate, ſoon found out the object of his deſires; thither he flew as on the wings of Love, firmly reſolv'd never to give over the unſucceſsful Chace: But alas poor Gentleman! he met with a ſecond part of the Entertainment with which the fair cruel Creature us'd to regale him, and worſe ſtill if that were poſſible; but, as he was us'd, nay hardned to it, and 'twas nothing but what he expected, his joy for having found her could have made him bear more yet. So having found means to get admittance into the houſe, neither the Lady nor her Relation could find any to get him out. In vain they threatned and ſtorm'd, he, fix'd like a Rock amidſt the raging Waves, baffled all their Attempts, and unleſs the Servants had by main force drove him thence, which, conſidering who they had to deal with, they had no great ſtomach to, there was no way to get rid of the unwelcom Gueſt. However, the Lady ſtrictly forbad them the giving him any meat or drink; but, whether *Cameleon* like, he could feed upon Air, or, what is more ſtrange, liv'd by Love, he found means to hold out for near a Fortnight in a great Hall which was his Lodging Room, and there our Knight-Errant, like an hardned Sentinel, kept his *Corps de Garde*, and watch'd his Lady; and tho' 'tis not to be ſuppos'd but that ſome of the Gariſon held a private Correſpondence with the Beſieger, and even aſſiſted him with Mouth Ammunition, however, he had but a tough Lodging of it. But the beſieged Lady being tyr'd out, yet unwilling to capitulate, took a Reſolution to quit the hold by ſtealth in the dead of Night when the Enemy was aſleep; to effect this, ſhe gave notice to a Servant to get a couple of Horſes ready, and wait for her at ſuch an hour, when her Perſecutor was aſleep. This was punctually obſerv'd; ſo our Lady, trembling, ſilently paſt thro' the Enemy's quarter, and with a joyful heart, God knows, gallop'd it away with her Truſty Squire, bleſſing her ſelf for her narrow eſcape. But ſhe had not gone 3 Miles, when, as ill luck would,

would have it, going thro' a little Town, the Servant told her that her Horſe had loſt a Shoe, ſo ſhe muſt of neceſſity have it ſet on, and in the mean time deſir'd ſhe would pleaſe to walk in to the Smith's houſe; ſhe did ſo, and after ſhe had ſtaid a ſufficient time, ſent for the Servant to ſet her on Horſe-back, but he was gone Heav'n knows whether, and could not be found in two hours time, and then it was ſo late and dark, that 'twas impoſſible they ſhould know their way: ſo ſhe was perſuaded to ſtay till day-light, but would by no means go to Bed; till the Smith's Wife ſhewing her a prettier and neater Room than ſhe expected, prevail'd with her to lie down upon the Bed. But ſee the viciſſitude of humane Affairs, juſt when ſhe was thinking to take a little reſt, ſhe heard the door open, and who do you think ſurpriz'd her, before ſhe could have an opportunity to riſe from the Bed, but her Tormentor; he ruſh'd in with an eagerneſs not to be expreſs'd, and throwing himſelf by her, told her, with a boldneſs that made the trembling Lady almoſt die with fear, *That ſhe was now in his power, and he would as much ſcorn to marry her, as ever ſhe did him; but then he was reſolv'd to ſnatch that opportunity to make himſelf happy whether ſhe would or not.* In vain ſhe cry'd out, and ſtrugled; after all the reſiſtance which ſhe was able to make, the poor Lady, to preſerve her Honor, was forc'd to have recourſe to thoſe ſofter and and more prevailing methods of her Sex, Prayers and Tears; but that alſo fail'd her; ſo, imagining that it was her deſtiny to marry that Gentleman, and that ſhe ſhould never be at eaſe, unleſs ſhe did it, ſhe was oblig'd to fall on her Knees, and beg earneſtly, *That he would marry her, rather than offer any Violence to her Perſon.* But tho' to marry her was the only thing he deſir'd, he thought fit to let her ask him more than once to do it; at laſt, ſeeming to be mov'd by her Intreaties, he gave a Sign with his Foot to ſome that waited below, who, according to his Order, immediately brought up one of thoſe grave Gentlemen, whoſe charitable Office it is to ſet longing Lovers at eaſe in a lawful way, who ſoon faſten'd the Gordian Knot; which was no ſooner done, but the happy Bridegroom, in his turn, throwing himſelf at his condeſcending Bride's Feet, begg'd her Pardon a thouſand times for the Rudeneſs which the violence of his Paſſion had oblig'd him to ſhew, aſſuring her however, *That not all the violence of that Paſſion, how great and extravagant ſoever it appear'd, could ever have prompted him to effect what he ſeem'd ready to undertake; and that he would ſooner have dy'd, than have ſinn'd in ſo diſhonourable and pernicious a manner, againſt ſuch a Heav'n of Virtue; but that as he had left no way unattempted to gain her, if this had fail'd, he had reſolv'd to have kill'd himſelf, and have at once eas'd her*

of

of a Tormentor, and himſelf of a torturing and irreſiſtible Paſſion. Now, what would you have had the poor Lady to have done in ſuch a caſe? She conſider'd, that the thing was done, and cou'd not be recall'd; ſo, after ſome time, ſhe was e'en oblig'd to be ſatisfy'd with her Fortune, and make her Averſion yield to the double obligation of Duty and Gratitude. And indeed our Gentleman not ſhewing a leſs Affection as a Husband, than he had demonſtrated as a Lover, took the moſt effectual means to make her paſs at once from a mighty Hatred to as great Love, leaving all his extravagant humors, to place his whole delight and happineſs in his Wife. Qualifications ſo rare and uncommon in a Husband now adays, that we have no reaſon to wonder how they came to be ſo prevalent and kindly entertain'd.

He muſt indeed have been very ungrateful, who could have ſet a leſs value upon that Lady's Favors, ſince even a much ſmaller Bleſſing can often engage a Lover beyond a poſſibility of retreating. The following Verſes are an inſtance of it. Be pleaſed to take notice that they are partly an Imitation of *Voiture.*

The Kiſs to SYLVIA.

THat Night when firſt I happily did find
The Conqueror of my heart alone and kind,
That Night thy Favor Sylvia *rack'd me more*
Than did thy moſt tyrannic Pow'r before.
Ten thouſand Charms, by Love till then conceal'd,
The wanton God in your bright Form reveal'd.
The Roſe do's a leſs beauteous Bluſh diſcover,
When ſpreading to the Sun her flaming Lover;
Nor did a lovelier Tincture e're adorn
The Roſie Mantle of the Riſing Morn.
Thy Lips, the ſoft Incentives to Deſire,
Blew my fermenting Blood into a Fire;
Thy Lips, which Heav'n to move all hearts has made,
And without Speech moſt ſweetly to perſuade;
Which, in our Breaſts, kindle the nobleſt Fire,
And, with dumb motions, raiſe our Paſſions higher
Than loftieſt Wit and Eloquence aſpire.
Wond'ring, I did on the lov'd Objects look,
And ſnatch'd the Kiſs which its own Taker took,
The Kiſs, the charming cauſe of my unreſt;
Which when it pleas'd it moſt, then moſt diſturb'd my Breaſt.

Thus

Thus Man ſtill aims at perfect Bliſs in vain,
Since Raptures ſtretch th' extended Nerves to pain,
And mighty Joys cauſe Tears, as Sun-ſhine do's the Rain.
For Joy and Grief, like Eaſt and Weſt ally'd,
A Point imaginary do's divide,
And their Extreams into each other ſlide.
Up to my Lips my Soul entirely flew,
To taſte the Sweetneſs which on Sylvia's *grew,*
Whoſe magic Scents th' aſcending Spirit drew.
But ſtill it ſtay'd behind when I retir'd,
As yet devouring what it yet deſir'd.
Grown drunk it did in vain its way explore,
Forgot its Dwelling, and miſtook its Door;
And tho' it now diſcovers its miſtake,
Yet its now Lodging it will ne're forſake:
Still in the glorious Temple it abides,
In which the God of Love himſelf reſides,
Firmly reſolv'd for ever there to dwell,
And ne're forſake its Paradiſe for Hell.
Then, Sylvia, *take my Body to my Mind,*
And do not ſeparate what Nature join'd.

Thus unrepeated Favors only ſerve to let us more ſenſibly know how wretched we are for want of their continuance; nor is that Lover leſs unhappy, who, by the thoughts of the beauty of his Miſtreſs, is ſometimes rais'd to a heaven of delight; and a moment after, by thoſe of her greatneſs, plung'd into an Agony of Deſpair. The following Lines were penn'd by a Gentleman, in thoſe Circumſtances, whoſe Merit ſhould ſecure him from thoſe anxious Doubts, and fix his Happineſs; ſince Love, like Death, is a Leveller, and hath wings given him, as much to ſhew that he may flie up where he cannot otherwiſe reach, as to deſcribe the ſwiftneſs of its motions.

DESPAIR. By Mr. *J. O.*

WHat art thou? bold Diſturber of my Reſt,
Who durſt deſtroy the Quiet of my Breaſt;
When my ſoft Thoughts on ſwelling Tranſports rove,
And form Idea's *of approaching Love,*
When thro' the Air of Hope I wing my way,
On Wiſhes mounting tow'rds the ſource of day,
And read Conſent in my Florella's *Eyes,*
And touch, and almoſt graſp the yielding Prize,

When

When no croſs Frown my forward Soul alarms,
But it drives on, till dying in her Arms;
Thou, with malicious Magic, break'ſt the Shade
By rapturous Dreams, and charming Fancies made;
Thy ſullen Fury the bright Heav'n deſtroys,
And hurls me ſwiftly from abortive Joys,
Thro' ſhining Tracts and Paths of gaudy Bliſs,
Into a diſmal Gloom, a dark Abyſs,
Where growing Horrors every Sence affright,
And my Soul wanders thro' the ſtarleſs Night.
Forc'd from my viſionary Fair, and led
Thro' the black Manſions of the happier dead.
Thou ſhew'ſt me, that in vain I ſeek a Cure,
But doſt not end, alas! the Torments I endure.
To gain my Freedom, I'de Death's Call obey,
At once he ſweeps the gaſping Wretch away.
But when in thy curſt hands a Patient lies,
On Racks he lives, and ev'ry moment dies.
Black Child of Fear! Thou ſullen lingring Ill!
How ſwift to Torture! Yet how ſlow to kill!
From whence thy Birth? From Earth, or from Above?
By what ſtrange Pow'r, ordain'd the Plague of Love?

It will not be amiſs to proceed to ſome leſs ſerious Subject, and as ſuch, take theſe Verſes by Mr. *R. B.*

THE IMPERFECT DREAM.

TIr'd with the buſineſs of the Day,
Upon her Couch ſupinely lay
The fair Melinda, *void of Care,*
No importuning Lover near;
When ſtrait a calm, and gentle Sleep
Did o're her drowſy Eye-lids creep;
Her Senſes, thus by Fetters ty'd,
By nimble Fancy were ſupply'd;
Her quick Imagination brought
Th' Idea's *of her waking Thought.*
She dreamt her ſelf a new-made Bride,
In Bed by young Philander's *ſide,*
The Poſſet eat, the Stocking thrown,
And all the Company withdrawn.

And now the bleſt Elizium
Of all her wiſht for Joys is come.
Philander, *all diſſolv'd in Charms,*
Lies raptur'd in her circling Arms;
With panting Breaſts, and ſwimming Eyes,
She meets the viſionary Joys.
But, ah! how ſoon thoſe Joys are paſt,
How little all our Pleaſures laſt.
As near the Couch the Chimney lay,
Some fatal Motion did betray
Melinda's *nethermoſt Attire*
To the Imbraces of the Fire.
So the chaſte Phœnix *of the Eaſt,*
With fluttering, fires his ſpicy Neſt;
So Semele *embracing* Jove,
Burnt both with Fire, and fiery Love.
The Flames at firſt did, trembling, ſeize
The dangling hem of the ſoft Prize;
But, finding no Reſiſtance, higher,
As 'tis their Nature, they aſpire;
Approaching near the Seat of Bliſs,
Th' Centre of earthly Happineſs.
But Ignorance muſt now excuſe
The ſilence of my baſhful Muſe;
Her Modeſty had ne're the Face
T' aſcend above the gartering place.
But doubtleſs 'twas a lovely Sight
The Fire beheld by its own Light.
At laſt the Flames were grown ſo rude,
They boldly every where intrude,
And ſoon recall'd the Ladies ſenſe,
Chaſing the pleaſing Viſion thence.
Soon as her Eyes recover'd light,
She ſtrait beheld the diſmal ſight.
Amaz'd to ſee her ſelf appear
Like bright-tayl'd Worm, or blazing Star.
She had not time to meditate
Upon the ſtrangeneſs of her Fate,
But was oblig'd to lay about
To check the Fire and beat it out;
The amorous Flames were loth to go,
They kiſs'd her hand at every blow,

And round her Ivory fingers play,
And ſeem as if they beg'd to ſtay :
Vanquiſh'd at laſt they did retire,
And in a gloomy Smoke expire.
The Ruins then the Nymphs ſurveys,
And to her ſelf thus ſadly ſays :
Is this th' effect of Dreams ? Is this
The fruits of all my fancied Bliſs ?
Muſt I a real Loſs ſuſtain,
While all my Joy was falſe and vain ?
Yet ſmall the Loſs methinks would ſeem,
Had not the Flames diſturb'd my Dream.
Ah ! cruel Flames, 'twas too unkind
To chace the Viſion from my mind.
Down, down, into your native Hell ,
In your own ſultry Regions dwell ;
And when I want the real Joy,
Do not its Shadow too deſtroy.

Since you ſometimes are for things of a merry Nature, I will join to the foregoing Verſes ſome by Mr. *J. G.* that are partly an Imitation of the 21ſt Ode of *Horace*'s third Book of *Lyrics*,

O Nata mecum Conſule Manlio, *&c.*

LET the Creature call'd Wine meet with ne're ſo few Gueſts,
Becauſe it breeds Quarrels, breaks Noddles and Jeſts ;
Makes ſome ſteal out to Mis, while the mad Boys are roaring,
And week Brothers on Chairs harmoniouſly ſnoaring :
Yet this Flask of brisk Florence, *dear Rakehells, I'll ſwear it,*
Great Jove's *Pot-Companions moſt richly do's merit.*

Boy, Skinker, here fill me a Facer, fill't up ;
Sure none will make Snuffs here, or loſe the laſt drop :
Thoſe who ſeem ſo demure, and preciſe in their ſtation,
Can yet piouſly Tope while they preach Moderation.
And there's ſcarce a grave Don but ſometimes, void of thinking,
Lov'd, with Six-in a hand, to the Beſt to be drinking.

Wine enlarges our Souls, makes 'em freer than Air,
And, enliv'ning the Carcaſs, drowns Sorrow and Care :
He's a Fop then who'll flinch, when the generous Liquor,
By refining our Wits, makes 'em poignant and quicker.
Nay, the Beggar's a King, by the power of this Nectar,
And then Cowardly-Cull can out-huff Bully-Hector.

Let

Let Friendſhip and Love but mix in each Glaſs,
And the Night we then roundly in Follity paſs;
And never the Plague of dull Parting will know
Till the Shops let in Day, when our Candles grow low.
And, like the Stars twinkling, their Light ſoon is out,
Unable to vye with the greater without.

Thus ſome place their greateſt Felicity in that which others eſteem a ruinous Exceſs. This makes the latter ſo warmly inveigh againſt the former every day, and draw Arguments from Nature and the ancient Heathens to reform their Irregularities. There is a Book concerning Natural Religion, written in Latin by Monſieur *Peter Chamier*, the Author of the *Lexicon Rationale*, very lately printed in *Holland*, which is partly of that kind, and dedicated to the Lord Biſhop of *London*.

There hath alſo been Re-printed in *Germany*, and ſent here, a new Book by Monſieur *Huet*, Biſhop of *Avranches*, call'd. *Alnetanæ Queſtiones de Concordia Rationis & Fidei.* 4^to^.

There is alſo come from thence, a Book called *Schediaſma Hiſtoricum de Diariis Eruditorum.* It contains an Account of all the Journals of Learning that have been publiſhed in the chiefeſt parts of *Europe* to this time, and among the reſt, treats very largely of the *Mercure Gallant*; with an Appendix, which gives us an account of an hundred learned Women.

Alſo the ſecond Part of Monſieur *Morhofius*'s *Polyhiſtor*, of which I ſpoke the laſt month; and a new Edition of *Jani Nicii Erithræi Imaginum Illuſtrium, doctrinæ vel ingenii laude virorum, qui, auctore ſuperſtite, diem ſuum obierunt.*

Before I come to the Solution of the *Enigma's* in my laſt, it may not be amiſs to ſay a word or two of *Time*, the Subject of two of them, which is indeed much talk'd of; but if I am not deceiv'd, generally as little underſtood.

OF TIME.

WHatever exiſts hath a Duration: Now if that Duration hath no Beginning nor End, as is that of God, it is call'd Eternity; but if it hath a Beginning, and no End, as is that of Heaven, the Angels and rational Souls, it is call'd by the Latins *Ævum*; and if it hath a Beginning and an End, as the Duration of all material and ſublunary things, it is call'd *Time*. Some are of opinion, that *Time* is a meer effect of our Fancy, which, not being made up of parts, can have no real Being in Nature. For what is paſs'd is

is no more; the future is not yet, and the preſent is but a moment, which cannot be a part of Time, ſince all parts being ſeveral times reaſſum'd make up their whole; which is not eſſential to a moment, one hundred thouſand moments added together making but one moment, and therefore not being able to make the leaſt part of time, no more than infinite points can make the leaſt line, becauſe a line is not made up of points, no more than Time is made up of moments. For to ſay that Time is a continual Flux of Moments, as a Line is a Flux of Points doth not argue the Exiſtence of Time, ſince a Point leaves ſomething after it as it flows, which Time doth not. And Time being alſo call'd number and meaſure, both which are onely in the underſtanding, it may well be reckoned among Imaginary things; for, to ſay, with ſome, that Time is eſſential to things, is juſt to ſay that the Yard is eſſential to the Cloth which it meaſures, and the Number eſſential to the things it enumerates, ſo that, after this way, Number and Meaſure would be of all ſorts of Nature, ſince they are applied to all things.

Some on the other ſide ſay, that among real things ſome are momentaneous, being made in an inſtant, and periſhing as ſoon, and the meaſure of their Exiſting is the Inſtant; and others are perdurable; among which, as there is ſomething that hath always been and will for ever be, and there are things that have not always been, but will always be, ſo there are others which ſometimes were not, and ſometimes will be no more: and of thoſe of the laſt kind, ſome have all their parts together, ſome have them the one after the other. The firſt are continuous, and their Duration is their Age; the latter ſucceſſive, whoſe Duration is Time. For Duration as neceſſarily follows the Exiſtence of each thing, as the Exiſtence follows the Eſſence. The Exiſtence being the term of the production, the duration the term of the conſervation. So that to doubt whether there is a Time in nature, is to doubt of the Exiſtence and Duration of every thing; Neither can what is alledg'd againſt the being of Time prove any thing but that Time is not of the nature of continuous Beings, but of that of ſucceſſive, which conſiſts in having no part really preſent.

It hath been defin'd the number or meaſure of Motion according to its firſt and laſt parts; and, as it is the Meaſure of Motion it may be alſo ſaid to be the Meaſure of Reſt. But according to the vulgar way of ſpeaking, Time is the Father and Deſtroyer of all things. And this made the Ancients repreſent *Saturn* devouring his Children, and with a Sith in his hand, with which he ruin'd all things; though after all we cannot well attribute to Time the Change Death and Oblivion of all things: For Time, as well all Place, be,

ing onely quantities, which are no ways active, cannot be the cauſe of any thing.

The firſt and third *Enigma's* in my laſt are on *Time*; the ſecond, *a Bed*. The firſt ſolution which I receiv'd of thoſe on *Time*, was in theſe Verſes, ſubſcribed *H. W.*

Stay, Poet, ſtay, methinks you are too bold,
For Time *was never yet a Minute old:*
It was indeed before old Adam's *days,*
But peep'd into the world, and fled its ways.

The firſt ſolution which I receiv'd of that on *a Bed* was Mr. B. *Fortune.*

As I lay ſlumbring on a Bed,
Your Riddle running in my head,
I ſend you word, which, Faith! is true,
That I love Beds *as well as you;*
And, ſince I love them, I will creep
Cloſe to my Bed, *and go to ſleep.*

It may not be amiſs to join to this ſome Verſes by Mr. *N. C.* on *a Bed.*

On it moſt men are born and dye,
There almoſt half their Lives they lye,
There Kings forget their Cares of State,
And States-men lay their plodding Pate;
There Miſers ſtudy to get Chink,
And Drunkards ſleep, and dream of Drink;
There Lovers lye, and ſport and play,
And fear the envious Break of Day:
Reſt to the Weary it does yield,
And Soldiers wiſh for 't in the Field;
There, having ſupp'd, Men go for Eaſe,
And give a Supper to the Fleas;
There drowſie Mortal winks and yawns;
And 'tis the laſt the Good-wife pawns.

And alſo theſe by *Oſiris.*

Gentle quiet feather'd Neſt,
On thy ſoft diſſolving Breaſt,
Active Minds by Toil oppreſs'd,
Sighing Hearts by Love unbleſs'd,

Happy

Happy Lovers when carreſt,
Fly to thee for Sleep and Reſt.
Nothing farther need be ſaid:
The Curtain drawn, we ſee the Bed.

The *Enigma's* on *Time* were ſolv'd by *T.Ball*, *Eugenia*, *M.N.C.K.* *N.Sorrell*, *Oedipus*; and by *J.C.* and *J.H.* in Verſe. That on *a Bed*, by *H. Horner*, in Verſe. All three were ſolv'd by *Clara*, *Sphynx*, *B. B. Robert Wilſon*, *H. H. Myrtilla*, *T. J. Hopewell*; and in Verſe, by *F. Newcomen*, *Ri. Beheathland*, *Diogenes*, *Dove W.* and *Oſiris*, the Author of *The Beautifull Enigmatic Deſcription of the Alphabet* in my laſt; as alſo of that which follows.

ENIGMA I.

Gay Son of Fancy, thee all Pow'rs obey,
And bow beneath thy arbitrary Sway.
Thou reign'ſt in all: Some gently feel thy Pow'r;
And ſome thy raging Tyrannies devour.
Father and Son of every humane Life,
Beſt Spring of Peace, yet frequent Cauſe of Strife.
Thy female Fathers ev'ry-where abound,
And thy male Mothers are as often found.
Thou, greateſt Joy, and Anguiſh of the Mind,
Art gently cruel, and tormenting kind.
Blind Iſſue of the Eyes, dark Child of Sight,
Day gives thee large additions of Delight,
But ſtill thy Paradice, thy Heav'n is night.

ENIGMA II. By *Crytophilus.*

Nothing I am, yet to all things belong,
Into the midſt of thickeſt Crowds I throng:
My Being's due to Phœbus' *cleareſt Light,*
Yet does not vaniſh at th' approach of Night.
On mightieſt Kings I due attendance pay,
And with the ſame reſpect the Slave obey.
No Proteus *e'er more various ſhapes put on,*
I ſtill comply with what I wait upon.
My Motion various as my Shape appears,
With youth I run, but walk with aged years;
With ſpeed of Lightning through the Air I rove,
Again with Snail I ſcarcely ſeem to move.

Object of ſence I am, though but of one,
And, by my ſelf, I ne'er appear alone.

ENIGMA III. By *Strephon.*

E'er Adam *was my early days began,*
I ape each Creature, and reſemble Man.
I gently walk o'er Tops of tender Graſs,
Nor leave the leaſt Impreſſion where I paſs.
Touch me you may, but I can ne'er be felt,
Nor ever yet was taſted, heard, or ſmelt,
Yet ſeen each day; If not, be ſure, at night
You'll quickly find me out by Candle-light.
When to the World I in my Youth appear,
You'd think there were ſome mighty Gyant there;
But, by degrees, e'er half my Age is ſpent,
I with a dwarfiſh ſtature am content;
When elder grown, I ſtretch my Limbs, and then
I re-aſſume my former ſize again.
In ſhort, you thus may my deſcription write,
Though dark my ſelf, I am a Child of Light.

In my firſt Journal I gave you a large account of the Muſick Feaſt on St. *Cecilia*'s day; So, to avoid repetitions, I ſhall onely tell you that the laſt was no ways inferiour to the former. The Stewards choſen for the next year are, The Right Honourable the Lord *Kennedy*; *Norton*, Eſquire; Sir *John Woodhouſe*, Baronet; *Phillip Wheak*, Eſquire; Mr. *Godfrey Finger*, and Mr. *Bingham*. The following Ode was admirably ſet to Muſic by Mr. *Henry Purcell*, and perform'd twice with univerſal applauſe, particularly the ſecond Stanza, which was ſung with incredible Graces by Mr. *Purcell* himſelf. Though I was enjoyned not to name the Authour of the Ode. I find a great deal of reluctancy to forbearletting you know whom you muſt thank for ſo beautifull a Poem; and, to uſe *Ovid*'s words,

Se quoque nunc, quamvis eſt juſſa quieſcere, quin te
Nominet invitum, vix mea Muſa tenet.

An

An ODE on St. CECILIA's Day 1692.

I.

Hail! Bright Cecilia, *Hail! fill ev'ry Heart*
With Love of thee and thy Celeſtial Art;
That thine and Muſick's Sacred Love
May make the Britiſh *Foreſt prove*
As Famous as Dodona's *Vocal Grove:*
Hark! hark! each Tree its ſilence breaks,
The Box and Fir to talk begin!
This is the ſprightly VIOLIN,
That in the FLUTE diſtinctly ſpeaks!
'Twas Sympathy their liſt'ning Brethren drew,
When to the Thracian *Lyre with leafy Wings they flew.*

II.

'Tis Nature's Voice; by all the moving Wood
Of Creatures underſtood:
The Univerſal Tongue to none
Of all her num'rous Race unknown!
From her it learn'd the mighty Art
To court the Ear and ſtrike the Heart:
At once the Paſſions to expreſs and move;
We hear, and ſtraight we grieve or hate, rejoice or love:
In unſeen Chains it does the Fancy bind;
At once it charms the Senſe and captivates the Mind.

III.

Soul of the World! inſpir'd by thee,
The jarring Seeds of Matter did agree,
Thou didſt the ſcatter'd Atoms bind,
Which, by thy Laws of true proportion join'd,
Made up of various Parts one perfect Harmony.
Thou tun'dſt this World below, the Spheres above,
Which in the Heavenly Round to their own Muſic move.

IV.

With that ſublime Celeſtial Lay
Dare any Earthly Sounds compare?
If any Earthly Muſic dare,
The noble ORGAN may.
From Heav'n its wondrous Notes were giv'n,
(Cecilia *oft convers'd with Heav'n,*)
Some Angel of the Sacred Choire
Did with his Breath the Pipes inſpire;

And

And of their Notes above the juſt Reſemblance gave,
Briſk without Lightneſs, without Dulneſs Grave.

V.

Wondrous Machine!
To thee the Warbling LUTE,
Though us'd to Conqueſt, muſt be forc'd to yield:
With thee unable to diſpute,
The Airy VIOLIN
And Lofty VIOL *quit the Field;*
In vain they tune their ſpeaking Strings
To court the cruel Fair, or praiſe Victorious Kings.
Whilſt all thy conſecrated Lays
Are to more noble Uſes bent;
And every gratefull Note to Heav'n repays
The Melody it lent.

VI.

In vain the Am'rous FLUTE *and ſoft* GUITARR,
Jointly labour to inſpire
Wanton Heat and looſe Deſire;
Whilſt thy chaſt Airs do gently move
Seraphic Flame and Heav'nly Love.
The FIFE *and all the Harmony of War,*
In vain attempt the Paſſions to alarm,
Which thy commanding Sounds compoſe and charm.
Let theſe among themſelves conteſt,
Which can diſcharge its ſingle Duty beſt.
Thou ſumm'ſt their diff'ring Graces up in One,
And art a Conſort of them All within thy Self alone.

Grand CHORUS.

Hail! Bright *Cecilia*, Hail to thee!
Great Patroneſs of Us and Harmony!
Who, whilſt amongſt the Choir above
Thou doſt thy former Skill improve,
With Rapture of Delight doſt ſee
Thy Favourite Art
Make up a Part
Of infinite Felicity.
Hail! Bright *Cecilia*, Hail to thee!
Great Patroneſs of Us and Harmony!

We have lately loſt *Thomas Shadwell* Eſquire, Poet Laurear and Hiſtoriographer Royal. His Works are ſo univerſally known, particularly his Comedies, that none can be a Stranger to his Merit; and all thoſe that love to ſee the Image of humane Nature, lively drawn in all the various Colours and Shapes with which it is diverſifyed in our age, muſt own that few living have equall'd that admirable Maſter in his Draughts of Humours and Characters. 'Tis true that his greateſt excellence lay in treating Comic Subjects; yet none ought to wonder either at the Reputation or Honours it gained him: Since, that a Painter may deſerve the name of Famous, it is not always neceſſary he ſhould paint Lofty Palaces, and only employ his Pencil to draw the Pictures of Princes and Monarchs: A homely Shed well drawn is ſometimes more eſteem'd, if by the hand of a good Artiſt, than a Marble Palace by that of a bad one; and the Picture of a King which hath nothing to recommend it, but the Name of the Perſon it repreſents, is leſs admired than that of a Clown, when it wants nothing of what may cauſe it to be look'd upon as a good Piece. The moſt animated Figures of our Painters are only dumb Pictures, if compar'd with thoſe in the Works of that Author. His Genius was inexhauſtible on thoſe ſorts of matters: Neither were its Productions leſs uſefull than diverting; ſince the beſt way to reform us is, to lay before us our Faults; thus obſerving *Horace*'s Rule; which the Comic Glaſs doth often: And ſo, even thoſe whoſe Characters he hath wrote are oblig'd to him; for by ſhowing the Picture of Avarice he hath ſham'd Miſers into Liberality; by expoſing Bullying Sparks and Prodigal Squires, he hath made the firſt tamer and the other wiſer; how many contented Cuckolds has he not hindred from taking their Gloves, and going out, when their Wives Gallants came in to viſit them? how many Maids hath he not ſav'd from ruin by the Picture of that in others? how many Hypocrites, Coquetts, Fops, Gameſters, has he not reclaim'd? and in ſhort, what ſtore of Fools and Madmen did he not reform? The Comedy which, as I told you, he deſign'd for the Stage, was acted ſince his deceaſe: 'Tis call'd the *Volunteers*; and though that Orphan wanted its Parent to ſupport it, yet it came off with reaſonable ſucceſs.

The Stage hath had another mighty Loſs; 'Tis that of Mr. *William Mountfort*, one of its beſt and moſt uſefull Actors, unfortunately kill'd in his prime. As the Circumſtances that cauſed his Death are variouſly repotted, I ſhall forbear giving you an account of them: I ſhall only ſay, that if he could have given us ſuch Comedies to which his Name is prefix'd, call'd, *Greenwich-Park*, I ſhould lament as is that loſs of him almoſt equally in the double capacity of Author and Actor.

I do

I do not know any thing able to compenſate the grief which this News muſt cauſe, or that may be as univerſally pleaſing as this is afflicting, unleſs it be that of Mr. *Tate* and Mr. *Rymer*, ſucceeding Mr *Shadwell*, the firſt as Poet Laureat, the other as Hiſtoriographer Royal. You and all the ingenious are ſo well acquainted with their worth, that I dare not dwell on its praiſe here, leſt by faint expreſſions I wrong the bright Idea's which all that have a ſence of the Politer Studies muſt have of theſe two Gentlemens Merits.

To paint Deſert in its true Colors, is a Task not leſs difficult, than it is a dangerous one to attempt to draw a Beautifull young Lady's Picture. Here is an Epigram by Mr. *Dennis* on this Subject.

To a Painter drawing the Picture of a Beautifull Lady.

*He *, who great* Jove's *Artillery ap'd ſo well,*
By real Thunder, and true Lightning fell:
How then dar'ſt thou, with equal Danger, try
To counterfeit the Lightning of her Eye?
Painter, deſiſt, or ſoon th' Event may prove
That Love's as jealous of his Arms as Jove.

* Salmoneus.

The affinity between Painters and Poets induces the latter very often to uſe their Pens in praiſe of the others Pencil; and indeed, nothing can be more pleaſingly ſurpriſing than the ſight of a Picture drawn by a great Maſter, with all the happy boldneſſes and Graces of his Art, principally if it repreſents a Beautifull perſon; for then it carries even force enough to create a Poet and commands us to write. What comes from the hand of the famous Sir *Godfrey Kneller* is of that kind; and a Man that hath but the leaſt diſpoſition to Verſifying muſt be doubly inſpired at the view of the amazing Charms, which he hath ſo admirably diſplayed lately in the Dutcheſs of *Grafton*'s Picture. For my part, who have been long a Lover of that Art, I muſt own that I was never more ſtartled at the ſight of a Picture than I was lately by that incomparable Piece, wherein the exactneſs of Proportion and Reſemblance, the ſpirit, and ſtrength of Colouring, the gaiety and freedom, and that deluding roundneſs and appearance of Life, ſo difficult to be attain'd to, are obſerv'd with an incredible ſucceſs. Neither is it leſs ſurpriſing, to thoſe who know to what height of perfection he was arriv'd, to find what vaſt additions of Skill appear in his late Works, and particularly that Charming Picture. Touch'd by no other Intereſt

than

than that of doing juſtice to merit; I had endeavour'd to give my Sence of that of the Painter, and the Piece, and deſign'd to have given them you now; but having ſhown them to a friend or two, it hath accidentally reach'd his Ears; and by an uncommon Modeſty, he hath ſo earneſtly deſir'd me not to publiſh them, that, as I have not yet been able to prevail with him to ſuffer it, I am in civility oblig'd to forbear it.

The Qualifications that are requir'd to make a good Painter, are ſo many, that it is not to be wonder'd at why there are ſo few ſuch: For Painting, like Poetry, depending upon the force of the Imagination, they alone can excell that have a clear and perfect Idea of their Work; and, as they are to imitate all things, if they would be perfect, they ought to have an Univerſal knowledge; principally of the methodical proportions of Bodies, Perſpective, the reaſon of Shadows, natural Colouring, Symmetry and Diſpoſition, as alſo of Hiſtory; all which ought to meet in a good Piece, wherein, though it be all Surface, yet Cavities, Folds and Riſings ſhould appear by the Mean of its Shades; which though they properly be nothing, being only Privations of Light, yet contribute chiefly to the perfection of the whole.

Some are againſt Painting and Statuary, becauſe, ſay they, they repreſent unſeemly Objects, and partly occaſion'd the Idolatry of the Ancients; but they ought to conſider, that we muſt not cry down things, innocent in themſelves, merely for their abuſe; and they might as well blame Beauty, becauſe it ſometimes cauſes us to ſin.

Painting gives us at a View ſenſible Deſcriptions of Things, Eterniſes Perſons and Actions, makes things Abſent in a manner Preſent, and is like another Table after Shipwrack; It may be ſaid to be the only, real, univerſal Character, deſcribing all things by their Proportions and Colours: Whereas Writing (excepting the Hieroglyphics of the *Egyptians*, which were alſo a ſort of Painting,) being only by Inſtitution, and different almoſt every-where, is underſtood but by few: But Painting hath this Excellence, that it is underſtood even by the moſt ignorant. Every thing deſires to be repreſented, witneſs our Bodies, which always repreſent their Shadows, that fly and flow in the Air, till they meet ſome ſolid and poliſh'd Body on which they may form their Picture; ſuch as are thoſe in Looking-glaſſes and ſmooth Water, as beautifull as their Originals, and in a manner more perfect, being ſtripp'd of Corporeal ſubſtance. Yet, though Painting is ſenſible, being the object of every one's ſight, it belongs to very few to ſpeak and judge of it. Witneſs *Alexander*, who being come to ſee *Apelles*, ſpoke improperly of it in the hearing of that

Painter's Diſciples; inſomuch that they could not forbear laughing at what the Monarch ſaid. For this reaſon I dare not ſay any more on that Subject: But proceed to give you ſome Verſes.

To *CELIA*; by Mr. *Hawkſhaw*.

STay, thou Seraphic Creature, ſtay;
My Soul is in her melting Strains;
So very fond to get away,
She puts me to a thouſand Pains.

Trembling as Needles, when they move,
And only in the North can reſt;
So, when ſhe meets with thee, my Love;
She's fix'd, and infinitely bleſt.

Sweet Angel, tho' you can't create,
Yet you alone my Life can ſave:
Your ſight's as prevalent as Fate:
Then grant me That; 'tis all I crave.

My heav'nly Bliſs to antedate.
For no baſe Earthly Love I plead;
For Souls have pow'r to penetrate,
And on Diviner ſubſtance feed.

The *CALL*; by the ſame.

PEace, you Imperious Charms of Love;
Peace, you ſweet Syrens of the Air;
Not all your Melting Notes can move
My fleeting Soul, to keep it here.

Diviner Eccho's bid me go
To the refreſhing Fields of Light;
And tho' the Air is groſs below,
Yet nothing ſhall retard my flight.

Lo! now I mount, and, as I riſe,
Succeſſive Scenes of new Delight,
Prepare my weaker mortal Eyes
To gaze on the Eternal Light.

The

The young Gentleman, who wrote the foregoing Verſes, intends to Print ſeveral others in an intire Volume; being all written, as I am inform'd, before he was Eighteen. You may judge, by the forwardneſs of his Genius, what we may expect from his riper Years.

Thoſe who would play upon equal advantages, will be glad to read a Diſcourſe of the Hazards of Games; Mathematically demonſtrating the proportions of Chances in the Games now moſt us'd among us. There will appear ſhortly a little Book on that ſubject, partly taken from that great Mathematician Monſieur *Huygens*: To demonſtrate ſome things in it, it hath been neceſſary to give ſome Algebraic Canons, yet the whole is made plain to the meaneſt capacity, taking thoſe for granted, and ſo it may be of General uſe.

Sir *Thomas Pope Blount*, who hath given the World ſo many Learned Books, intends ſhortly to publiſh One, which he calls *A Natural Hiſtory of Things not common.*

The Honourable *Hugh Hare* Eſq; hath lately given us an Elegant Tranſlation of the Account of the Conſpiracy of Count *Fieſchi* againſt the Town and Republic of *Genoua*; written in *Italian* by the famous *Auguſtin Maſcardi*, Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to Pope *Urban* the Eighth. 'Tis Dedicated to her Majeſty; with a Preface, wherein, among ſeveral other Ingenious Remarks, it is obſerv'd, that there ſeems to be ſomething of a Parallel between the Attempts of the Enemies to the Government of *Genoua*, and thoſe to our preſent happy Settlement.

There will ſhortly appear a Book call'd *The Humors and Converſations of the Town expos'd*; in two Dialogues; the one about the Converſations of the Men, the other about that of the Women.

I ſpoke to you in one of my former Journals of *Ariſtotle*'s *Art of Poetry*, with the Notes of Monſieur *Dacier*, it is now Tranſlating into Engliſh.

The Book of which I ſpoke to you ſome Months ago, being *A brief Diſquiſition of the Law of Nature*; partly Abſtracted from Dr. *Cumberland*'s (now Lord Biſhop of *Peterborough*'s) Latin Treatiſe of the ſame, is now publiſh'd; and after the high Character which Dr. *Manningham* gave of it in his Sermon lately preach'd before the Honourable Houſe of Commons, there can be no doubt of the uſefulneſs and ſolid Beauties of that Book.

There

There is lately come out of *Holland* the Hiſtory of the Inquiſition, in four Books; To which is added a Book of the Sentences of the Inquiſition of *Tholouſe*, from the Year 1307, to 1323, about the *Albigenſes*. 'Tis written in Latin by the learned *Phillip a Limborg*, Profeſſor among the *Arminians*; and all taken out of Roman Catholic Writers.

There is a French Book by Father *Joubert*, *De la Science des Medailles*, which is a Treatiſe to give a Knowledge of that Learning to thoſe that have a mind to apply themſelves to it, now that it is ſo much in faſhion.

In *France* they ſhortly expect a Continuation of *Madamoiſelle de Scuderi*'s Converſations, and the Life of Cardinal *Ximenes*, by the famous Mr. *Flechier* Biſhop of *Niſmes*.

Anacreon hath been Tranſlated into Italian Verſe by the Abbot *Reinier Des Marets* of the French Academy: And there hath alſo been lately publiſh'd at *Paris* a Continuation of Father *Bouhours*'s Remarks on the French Tongue.

I ſend you here two Songs, both ſet by Mr. *Robert King*, which I am ſure will pleaſe you. I had ſent you the Words of the firſt by Mr. *Prior* ſometime ago, but they were not yet ſet to Notes. I have Words by me for ſeveral others, but I cannot get them ſet as ſoon as I would, by ſuch Maſters as are thoſe who have all along oblig'd me with Muſic.

I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble Servant,

P. M

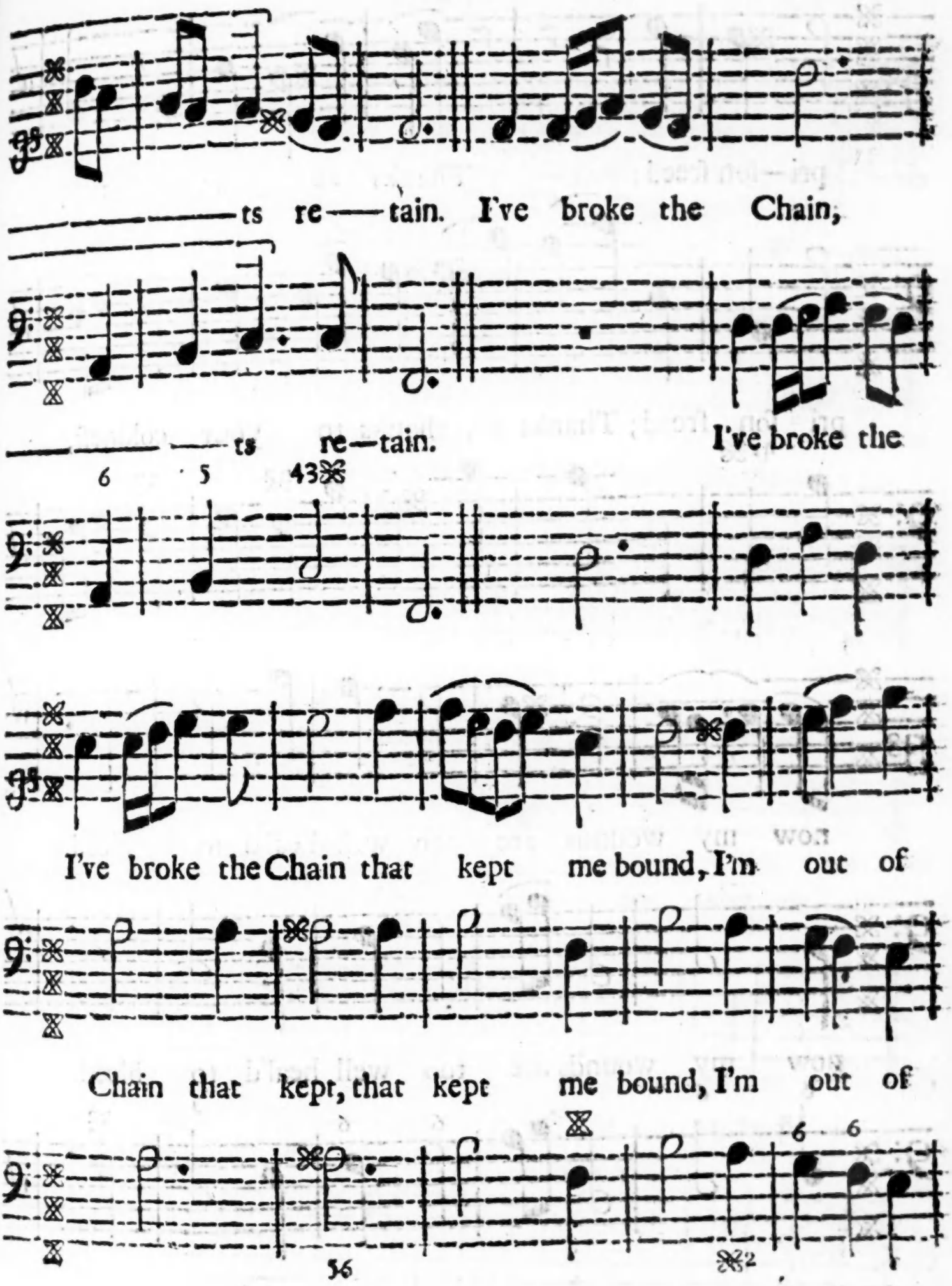
A Song ſet by Mr. *Robert King*, the Words by Mr. *Prior*.

WHilſt I am ſcorch'd with hot deſire, in vain cold Friendſhip
you return; your drops of pi - ty on my Fire, a — las but
make it fiercer burn: Ah wou'd you have the flame ſup-

—preſt, that kills the Heart it beats too faſt? Take half my paſſion
to your breaſt, the reſt in mine ſhall e—ver laſt; Take half my
paſſion to your breaſt, the reſt in mine ſhall e—ver

A Song in two parts by Mr. *Robert King.*

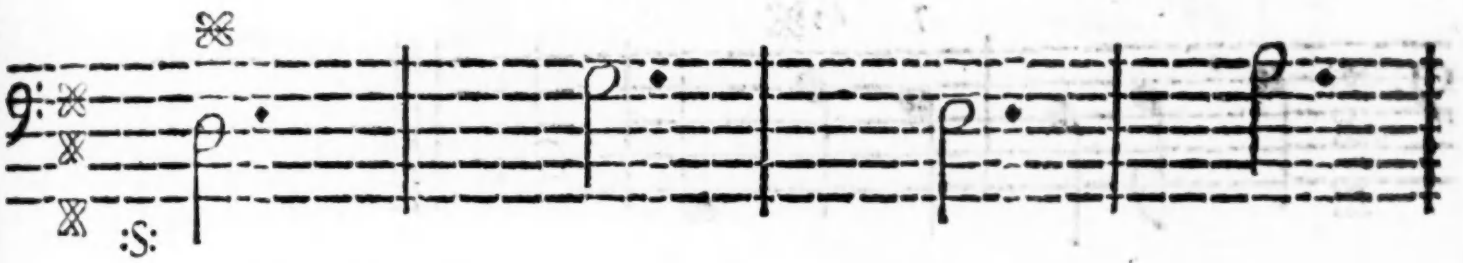
——ks to yo——ur dif—dain, Shake off
thanks to your dif——dain, Shake off that yoke
that yoke of Ty—ran—ny, So ma——-ny hear-
off that yoke of Ty—ran—ny, So ma—ny hear—


ts re—tain. I've broke the Chain,
ts re—tain. I've broke the
6 5 43
I've broke the Chain that kept me bound, I'm out of
Chain that kept, that kept me bound, I'm out of
56
6 6
2

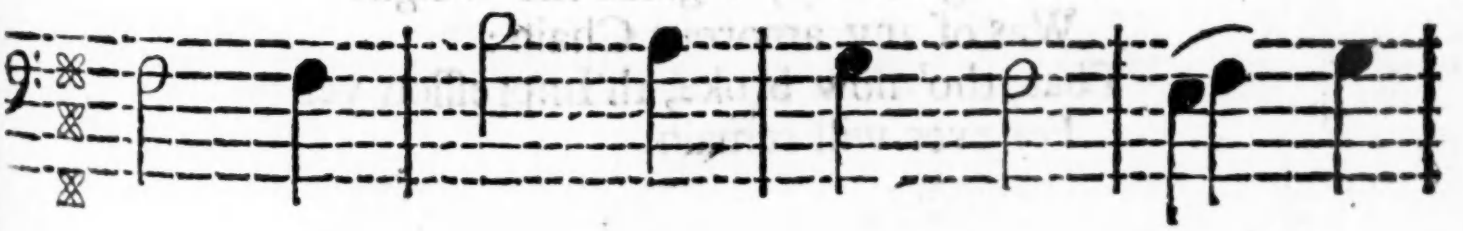
pri – ſon freed; Thanks to your cold – neſs,
pri – ſon freed; Thanks to, thanks to your coldneſs,
now my wounds are too well heal'd to bleed.
now my wounds are too well heal'd to bleed.

Thanks to your cold—nefs, thanks to your cold—nefs,

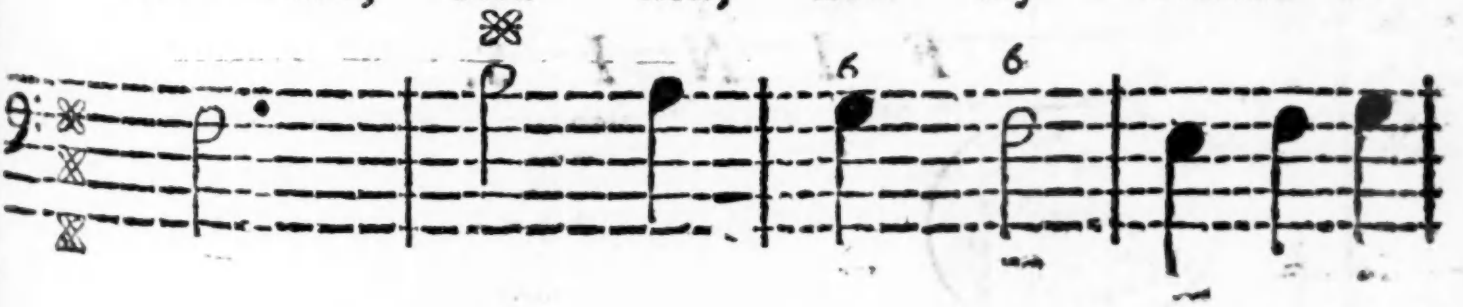
Thanks to your cold—nefs, thanks to your



thanks to your cold—nefs, now my wounds is



cold—nefs, cold—nefs, now my wounds is



II.

Yet whom I lov'd I ne'er can hate,
Much leſs can I deſpiſe;
And, tho' not Love, Reſpect ſhall wait,
Upon her beauteous Eyes:
So ſtrong the Ty, ſo great the Weight
Was of my amorous Chain;
That, tho' now broke, th'Impreſſion yet
For ever will remain.

F I N I S.